Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our mistris,
So shall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shall proue.
Gru. And that his bags shall proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a litle dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Gremio, *Hortensio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My mind e presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing what soere.
Gremio. And so we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tanio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: If without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why sir, I Pray you are not the streets as free for me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l kno.
That she's the choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor That she is the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.